The Passing of Indian Territory

Oklahoma, the Newest Star In the Galaxy of States, Has Absorbed It

Street In Muskogee

General Pleasant Porter

An Oklahoma Ranch

Private Residence In Muskogee

Spalding Female Institute, Muskogee

Broadway, Oklahoma City

THE making of the state of Oklahoma means the passing of Indian Territory. When President Roosevelt shall proclaim that Oklahoma is actually a state Indian Territory will be wiped off the map. By the act of congress admitting a state into the Union bearing the name Oklahoma the two sections known as Indian Territory and the territory of Oklahoma were combined. Indian Territory, which formerly included most of the area of the territory of Oklahoma, never was a territory in the sense in which that term ordinarily is applied to a section of country belonging to the United States. It occupied a unique position in its legal and governmental aspects. It stood alone. There never was in the world another large section of country occupying such a curiously interesting position.

The Oklahoma constitutional convention is now in session at Guthrie, the capital of the territory, which will be also the capital of the new state until 1913 under the provisions of the act of admission. Delegates sit in this convention from both the territories. It is understood that the convention will finish its work by the end of January. Then the new state must vote on the constitution presented. Upon its adoption President Roosevelt will issue a proclamation to the effect that Oklahoma, having complied with all the requirements of the act of congress, is a full fledged state, the forty-sixth in the American Union. A governor and other state officers will be elected, five members of the national house of representatives will be chosen, and the first state legislature will elect two United States senators.

The area of the new state is about 70,000 square miles, the Indian Territory portion being a few thousand square miles less than the western section, or the territory of Oklahoma. The population is estimated at a million and a half, Indian Territory furnishing perhaps a small majority of the people. Already a high degree of civilization has been attained by both sections of the state, so that Oklahoma steps upon the stage of statehood and makes her bow to her forty-five sisters as the latest graduate in the group, averaging in all branches well up toward the front. She has thriving cities with all up to date improvements, colleges and a thorough public school system, hundreds of churches and newspapers, thousands of well tilled and highly productive farms and a population of intelligent citizens recruited from practically every state in the Union.

In addition there is a native population which is the most interesting of all. This is made up of the Indians who now become citizens of the United States, eligible to the township constabulary or the presidency of the republic. Most of the Indians live in the Indian Territory end of the new state. There are about 100,000 of them. Comparatively few of them, however, are full blood Indians. Some of them are white people and others are negroes. All are classed as Indians because they are "citizens" of the nations of the Five Civilized Tribes. It would require a diagram and a year's instruction to explain the peculiar status of these Indian citizens under the regime that is now passing away. A Philadelphia lawyer, popularly presumed to be able to untangle all twists and solve all puzzles, would meet his Waterloo here. The Dawes commission, appointed to do the untangling, has worked twelve years at the job, most of the time under the active supervision of Hon. Tams Bixby, the acting chairman until the death of Senator Dawes, when he became chairman. Mr. Bixby is now commissioner to the Five Civilized Tribes, winding up the work. Muskogee, the largest city in Indian Territory, has been the headquarters of the commission.

Indian Territory was set aside three-quarters of a century ago for the occupancy of the Five Civilized Tribes and a few Indians of other tribes. The five tribes are the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles. They were driven from their native country in the states of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. The United States government herded them in Indian Territory, which at the time was supposed to be a barren tract on the outskirts of the mythical Great American desert, not fit for the habitation of white men, but good enough for Indians. As a matter of fact, it is one of the most fertile and habitable regions on the globe.

The tribes settled in the wilderness of the territory and built up a civilization such as has existed nowhere else. Each tribe occupied its own section of the territory, establishing what was known as its nation. Thus we have the Cherokee nation, the Creek nation and so on. Each nation had its capital and its legislature and elected its governor or principal chief. The legislatures were modeled after those of the states. In the Creek legislature, for instance, the upper and lower houses were called respectively the house of kings and the house of warriors. Every king, however, was only a commoner. By the same token every warrior was a peaceful citizen. All lands were held in common. It was a modern Utopia, a new world communism; but, like most Utopias, it was not a perfect state of being. The Indians had troubles of their own. Over and above all was the great white father at Washington, who in relation to these five little nations and their people was practically a king.

The white man's advance continued, irresistibly. White people poured into the five nations. They could not own lands there, but they could occupy lands, paying rent to the Indian nations when necessary and helping themselves to the use of the land when they felt so inclined and could do so without trouble to themselves.

In 1889 the first large tract of land toward the western end of the big territory was opened to settlement under the homestead laws, and the territory of Oklahoma was created. This land was west of the five nations, which still remained under the old regime. Later several other large tracts were opened to settlement and added to Oklahoma, including the great Cherokee Strip and that remarkable region which used to be called "No Man's Land," because its status seemed to be such as to place it outside the pale of civilization, and about the only attention paid to it by Uncle Sam was to exercise, passively, the right of eminent domain. Thus was created the territory of Oklahoma, while Indian Territory was made up only of the five nations and the small Quapaw reservation in the northeast corner.

In 1893 so many whites had gone into Indian Territory that things were in a terrible mess. Congress determined to allot the lands to the Indians in severalty, with ultimate statehood in view. The Dawes commission undertook this task. The first thing was to find the Indians. Any person having one sixty-fourth part of Indian blood was to be classed as a "citizen" entitled to allotment. Under certain conditions the white men who had married Indians were also to be approved as citizens. Then there were the emancipated slaves of the Indians, who also came in for allotments. The full bloods, who number only about 25,000 altogether, were of course to be citizens, but many of them resisted the allotment, preferring to continue holding the lands in common. Some of them took to the woods and the hills. The commissioners had to go out and hunt them up, twist their pedigrees out of them in some manner and compel them to accept their share of the highly valuable acreage. That was one of the most difficult parts of the job.

There are "Indians" in Indian Territory, now holding rich land, as white as any white person who may read these lines. There are Indian maidens with the peachiest complexions and the most glorious of raven tresses, and there are some blonds. But they are Indians—they have a trace of Indian blood. Happy men no whiter than they, though altogether white, have married many of these maidens and are living happily ever after, for, as a rule, the girls are highly educated, refined and pretty.

General Pleasant Porter, formerly governor of the Creek nation, is a typical "white" Indian. He is a Creek.

Muskogee, which is in the Creek nation, is the largest city in Indian Territory. It had about 5,000 people four years ago and now claims 23,000, which is said to be not an extravagant claim. The city has trolley lines, theaters, big hotels and many handsome homes. In "old Oklahoma" are Oklahoma City and Guthrie, each rapidly striding forward in population and importance, while many smaller cities are growing so fast that you can see them grow.

Aside from the unusual conditions incident to Indian Territory and its history, Oklahoma presents a most fascinating story of development. It is full of romance and thrill. Volumes might be written about it as interesting as any of the six best sellers of the week in fiction and far more deserving of public attention. The story of the "Neutral Strip," or "No Man's Land," already mentioned, which now forms Beaver county, in the extreme western projection of Oklahoma, has an unwritten history worthy of any romancer's pen. The facts alone could be woven into serial stories enough to supply the magazines for many months.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

George Bernard Shaw, Wit and Man of Letters

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is one of the most thoroughly exploited men of the day, and it is a reflection on one's capacity for keeping up with the times not to know something of him. One of the most interesting things about him is the method by which he has achieved so great notoriety in so short a time.

Of course there are various well authenticated ways of doing it. Homicide and the long and elaborate intermezzo between the act itself and administration of retributive justice afford a certain and rather popular means of securing publicity. Suicide is equally potent, but it has one capital drawback—he who is most concerned is debarred from the full enjoyment of the sensation. Happily for the born egotist, there are abundant other less extreme resources. If he is clever enough, he is pretty likely to find a vehicle suitable to his purpose.

Shaw has found that medium. By means of it he has attracted the attention of the English speaking world, particularly America. There are Americans—not so many English, perhaps—who believe him to be the nearest approach to genius of the time. There are others, plenty of them, who regard him as an arrant charlatan. Fortunately for Mr. Shaw both views are valuable, and almost equally so, in obtaining for him that which he seeks so palpably.

Egotism has an unpleasant sound, but it really isn't so always. It is only intolerable in the ignorant and vulgar. In the hands of the capable and clever it may be made thoroughly enjoyable and even profitable. The egotism of George Bernard Shaw is transcendent and all pervading, but it is never commonplace. It is the inspiration of a man possessed of a surfeit of cleverness and an unquenchable desire to exploit it.

A few years ago, when Mr. Shaw was just beginning to attract attention, it occurred to him that it would be a novel thing to define himself precisely as if the word "Shaw" were a common noun in its correct alphabetical position in the dictionary. This was the outcome: "A bachelor, an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a social democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women and an insister on the serious in art."

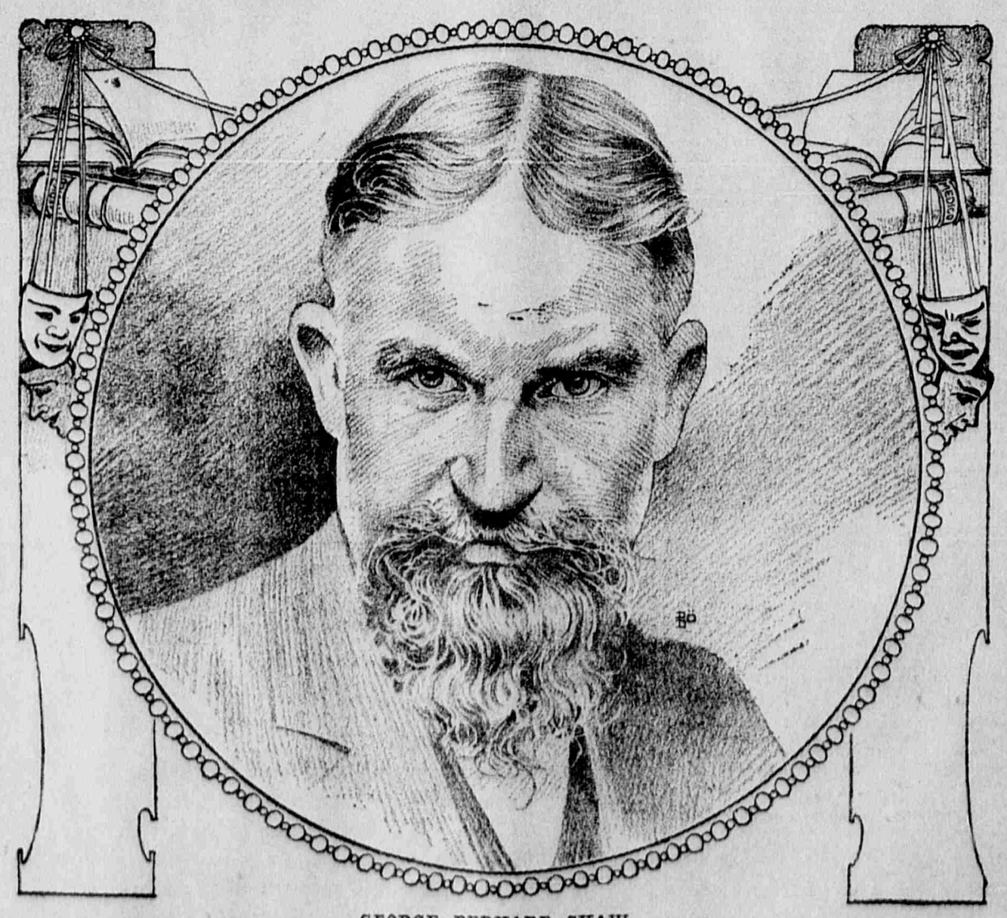
It might have been a good definition for Shaw as he understood himself at the time, but it would be wide of the mark at present. It would have to be expanded in some directions and curtailed in others. Since then he has become a Benedict, a successful playwright and a man of affairs, "the victim of a bank account," as he asserts humorously.

Shaw was born in Dublin fifty years ago. He does not seem inclined to speak of his early life except to deny almost everything that has been said of it by others. He admits that he made up his mind at a very early age to earn his living by the pen and that nine years' effort brought him about $30, most of it a prize for a patent medicine advertisement. At the age of twenty he concluded that starvation in London was no more to be dreaded than the same fate at home and was likely to be less monotonous, so he migrated to English soil, his combined resources consisting of an "itch for scribbling that was incurable" and "a capacity for abstinence that would have been a delight to Francis d'Assisi."

He was at that time the author of no less than five novels, no one of which had ever seen the light. He took a humble lodging, his Irish plausibility enabling him to secure a week's credit, and proceeded to let loose the "torrent of ideas that was seething within." Armed with a pocketful of sketches, he made a tour of the newspaper offices without lodging a sheet. At one of them, however, he was given to understand that his work would receive consideration if the conditions were fulfilled.

The young Irishman took the hint and after making a study of the "policy" of the paper submitted another batch of sketches. One of them was accepted, and the overjoyed author was the richer by a crown. It was the entering wedge, and it gave him a foothold. In the course of time he found favor in other literary quarters and established a "connection" which, precarious as it was, made living a possibility to one of his abstemious habits.

Even at this early period of his career he was an ardent vegetarian and had begun to indulge in little affectations that served to mark him as an "original." In matters of dress he assumed the widest latitude. That any garment was fashioned in the prevailing style was sufficient to obtain his condemnation for it. Starched linen and polished boots were as obnoxious to him as is the chimney pot hat in Whitechapel. He went about in the garb of a workman out of employment, wearing coarse flannel shirts with wide, rolling collars and a slouch hat that overtopped a bushy head of hair and a lean face decorated with red whiskers.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Such was George Bernard Shaw in those early days. There was, perhaps, not another man in London who could flourish on so small a capital. His physical requirements were so few that they occasioned him no worry, and all of his effort could be directed toward the business of making himself known. He was absolutely without any of the trivial vices of men of his kind—tobacco, he maintained, was Satan's most potent ally, and the use of flesh was distinctively cannibalistic.

He was an extreme socialist. That enabled him to mount a box in Hyde park on Sundays and holidays and harangue the crowd. His unkempt appearance and his extravagant language attracted considerable attention, and the more the better—for George Bernard Shaw. He thus became an easy speaker and later on began to deliver lectures on a variety of subjects whenever and wherever he could secure a hearing.

This was his life for twenty-two years. At the end of that period he really had little to show for all his effort. He had achieved a certain amount of popularity, no doubt, but it was of the kind that is least of all satisfying to its owner. He had created a market for his literary wares and had become the mouthpiece of those who make it their crowning virtue to decry modern ways of doing. His apostolate was not of his own choosing, but was composed of those of all classes who see no merit in things as they exist. Himself a man of wit and creative talent, he must have despised the puny logic of those who professed to be his disciples.

At the age of forty-two, and for the first time on record, Shaw lapsed into conventionality and was legally wedded to a woman who knew him and his ways and was prepared to cope with them. He had spent twenty years of his life in inveighing against matrimony as it is practiced by civilized mankind, and the news of his Darby and Joan marriage came like a shock to those who had enrolled themselves as his followers. Dire consequences were predicted, but they have not come. On the contrary, there is every indication that marriage has done great things for the eccentric and would be iconoclastic Irishman. The eight years of his married life have brought him greater prosperity than he had ever known, and domesticity has added greatly to his popularity. His literary output has not become markedly less erratic, but its market value has expanded immensely.

The Shaws live at the top of a big old fashioned house which stands only a few hundred yards from the bustling Strand. The building dates back to the French revolution, and there is nothing modern looking about its exterior. On the lower floors are the premises of the New Reform club, in which Mr. Shaw is greatly interested. From the club rooms a winding stairway leads up to the Shaw menage, and halfway up this ascent is a little wooden gate such as is used to prevent small children from falling downstairs. On this gate is a plate which bears the legend: "Mrs. Bernard Shaw. Please Ring." A ring brings a trim servant, who unlocks the gate and ushers the visitor into a great drawing room that looks out through three big windows over the Thames embankment.

The room is charming, and so are its contents, and so also are the Shaws when they make their appearance. Mrs. Shaw is a pleasant faced matron, with a constant and highly specialized knack of bearing the burden of the conversation when her husband is present. Shaw himself is a tall, thin man, straight in body and quick of movement. He wears a red beard, straggling and flecked with white and has big and very white teeth, which are quite prominent. He is no longer conspicuously unconventional in his attire, but still retains certain peculiarities of dress.

Shaw is unique as a talker. He is unmistakably of the sort that needs no drawing out. One has only to suggest a topic, and Shaw does the rest. He talks rapidly and with a slight brogue, and he never hesitates for a word or an illustration. He talks so fluently and so well that it seems almost as if he were delivering a carefully prepared lecture. What he says, too, is entirely worth while.

Mr. Shaw is not partial to the press, and although he is exceedingly gracious to American visitors it is understood that he does not approve of America as a whole. Some of his plays have made a great deal of money on this side of the water, but he has never become reconciled to the fate of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which he declares to have been the victim of "Comstockery."

JAMES R. BENTLEY.

CHOICE BITS.

There are 5,416 pieces in an ordinary locomotive.

Germany produces 60,000 sewing machines yearly.

The African pygmies hardly ever exceed ninety pounds in weight.

Oxford has 424 fellows and professors; Cambridge, 463.

The average yield of milk from a cow is 400 gallons a year.

The "blue," a measure used in Wales, holds two-thirds of a pint.

The orchestra at Drury Lane or at Covent Garden averages seventy players.

The common herring is the fish most difficult to procure and preserve alive.

Quicksilver mining has a worse effect upon the teeth than any other occupation.

The Falmar petrel and the parrot can live longest of any birds without water.

There are over 30,000 brass bands in England, comprising 250,000 musicians.

A man respires—that is, draws in breath—sixteen to twenty times a minute or 20,000 times a day.

The British houses of parliament cost $7,500,000, which is the same amount as St. Peter's at Rome cost in building.

A ton of water from the Atlantic ocean, when evaporated, yields 81 pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds, and water from the Dead sea, 187 pounds.

An eight-year-old boy, who speaks four foreign languages fluently, has been admitted to the Brookline (Mass.) high school. His name is William James Sidis, and he is thought to be the youngest high school boy in the United States. As well as knowing five languages, he has a remarkable knowledge of mathematics and physics.

At a new mill opened in Radcliffe, England, recently employment has been found for a family of ten sisters. They reside with a widowed mother.

A pocket telephone for police purposes is the most novel thing in telephony. It is said to be seen in daily use in Vienna, where every policeman on duty is provided with the necessary appliance. In every street of importance are special call boxes, and a man to communicate with his station has only to pull out his pocket apparatus and adjust it to the wire in the box.

A bridge built entirely of mahogany, claimed to be the only one of the kind in the world, is in the state of Chiapas, Mexico. The bridge spans the Rio Michol, and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is 15 feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians, and, though somewhat rude and primitive in construction, is very substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were sawn, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewn and split.

Twenty-four patients in a ward of St. Rochus hospital, Budapest, sent an ultimatum to the director declaring that they had resolved to take no food or medicine until a nurse was removed. After the strike had lasted nearly twenty-four hours the director yielded.

Vienna will shortly possess a museum exclusively devoted to music. In the modern world at least no city could be more appropriately chosen for its musical associations. Instruments, manuscripts, portraits, sculptures, and, in fact, everything associated with great musicians will be represented. The collection will be especially rich in its historical side. It will include original scores by Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Weber, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. There will also be a complete collection of pianos illustrating the development of the instrument from its earliest beginnings.

Godard's fire balloon, constructed in 1864, was heated by an eighteen foot stove that weighed nearly half a ton.